

LITERARY TABLET.

Vol. IV.]

Hanover, N. H. Wednesday, November 12, 1806.

[No. 1.

SELECTIONS.

[The following is said to have given rise, in the mind of Shakspeare, to the admirable scene of the witches, in his tragedy of Macbeth. On this account, as well as for the simplicity of the language, we present it to our readers.] Char. Spect.

THE PUPIL OF NATURE.

Edwin, tended his father's flock on the bleak mountains of Scotia. Though illiterate and unenlightened, his morals were not corrupted, nor his disposition depraved. He delighted in benevolent actions, though insensible to the beauty of benevolence; and though he pursued the paths of virtue, he was ignorant that they led to felicity. His countenance indicated his innocence and sincerity, and prepossessed all in his favour. With a lively and picturesque imagination, he loved to enthusiasm the rude scenes of uncultivated nature, and as he wandered over the mountains, would sit down upon an inviting spot, climb to the edge of a precipice, or trace a torrent by its fount.

In one of his rambles he descended into a craggy dell, in which nature reigned in all her magnificence. A glade of shattered oaks rose suddenly on each side, the summits of the mountains on which the evening clouds repose appearing above; and directly in front frowned a noble cavern, that diffused a melancholy gloom on the surrounding objects. Immense fragments, suspended from the roof, threatened those who should presume to enter with instant destruction; and from its mouth rushed a rapid torrent, which dashing from cliff to cliff, thundered down the vale in a continued cataract. The moon shone faintly, and her trembling beams quivered on the waves of the river.

Captivated with the grandeur of the cavern, Edwin, in the elation of his heart, resolved to explore its gloomy recesses. As he entered, the fragments that hung in air trembled over his head, and he had not advanced many paces when one of them fell with a tremendous sound, and entirely obstructed the passage. To return was now impracticable.—Every suggestion that horror could inspire rushed into his mind.—He endeavoured to climb the crag, but the prominence of its summit frustrated all his attempts. After some hesitation he proceeded.

In proportion as he advanced the light diminished, and the rock assumed a deeper shape. The roof at length descended so low, and the passage became so rugged and craggy, that he was obliged to clamber on his hands and knees. It was intensely dark; the drops which perpetually distilled from

the roof rendered the rocks extremely slippery; and the river that rattled with resistless impetuosity beside him, incessantly reminded him by its sound of his imminent danger. It at last opened into a lofty vault. Descending by a gentle declivity, and groping with his crook, he soon arrived at the foot of a rock, from beneath which the river emerged, and which apparently precluded all further passage. Edwin threw himself on the ground in despair. Exhausted with fatigue, and confused in his ideas, he presently fell asleep: A being of the most terrific form that a fertile imagination impressed with horror can conceive, seemed to rise out of the water below, and was just preparing to terminate his existence, when a clap of thunder shook the cavern, and every cavity in the rock reverberated the sound.

Edwin started up in an agony of terror. His tears were suspended by wonder. Falling down on his knees, he clasped his little hands bleeding with the roughness of the rock, and uttered a fervent ejaculation—for nature suggests to the most unenlightened mind the idea of a divine intelligence; when happening to cast his eyes on the water, he observed the reflection of a pale blue light that issued through a cleft in the rock. A faint beam of hope now darted into his mind. Some pious anchorite who had chosen this cell for his final residence, might have just lighted his lamp: some itinerant minstrel, who had retired hither for shelter from the storm, might have just kindled a few faggots to defend himself from the severity of the cold.

Though the aperture was high, Edwin climbed up by the aid of a protuberance of the rock, when looking through, he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women. With wide and solemn steps they stalked in procession round a blazing caldron, and threw in the ingredients for the preparation of their magic charms. In a few moments they stopped; upon which one of them, who appeared considerably the tallest, advanced from among the rest, and muttering a few words, drew a circle on the ground with her wand, and instantly arose the shade of a venerable chieftain. His left arm sustained a target, in the midst of which a lance was fixed; a plume of feathers nodded in his bonnet, and a claspnet (a broad sword) hung by his side. Looking round with a menacing frown, he was proceeding to speak; when lo! a gust of smoke involved the flame; it was a signal that some virtuous eye, beheld their infernal incantations; all waved their wands, the spectre and the caldron sunk into the ground, and they vanished with a peal of thunder.

A letter from the Ambassador of Bantam, at the court of Charles II. to his master soon after his arrival in England.

"The People, where I now am, have tongues further from their hearts than from London to Bantam, and thou knowest the inhabitants of one of these places do not know what is done in the other. They call thee and thy subjects barbarians, because we speak what we mean; and account themselves a civilized people, because they speak one thing and mean another: truth they call barbarity, and falsehood politeness. Upon my first landing, one who was sent from the King to this place to meet me, told me, *that he was extremely sorry for the storm I had met with just before my arrival.* I was troubled to hear him grieve and afflict himself upon my account; but in less than a quarter of an hour he smiled, and was as merry as if nothing had happened. Another who came with him, told me by my Interpreter, *He should be glad to do me any service that lay in his power.* Upon which I desired him to carry one of my portmanteaus for me; but instead of serving me according to his promise, he laughed, and bid another do it. I lodged, the first week, at the house of one who desired me *to think myself at home, and to consider his house as my own.* Accordingly, I the next morning began to knock down one of the walls of it, in order to let in the fresh air, and had packed up some of the household-goods, of which I intend to have made thee a present; but the false Varlet no sooner saw me falling to work, but he sent word to desire me to give over, for that he would have no such doings in his house.

At my first going to Court, one of the great men almost put me out of countenance, by asking *ten thousand pardons* of me for only treading by accident upon my toe. They call this kind of lye a compliment; for when they are civil to a great man, they tell him untruths, for which thou wouldst order any of thy officers of state to receive a hundred blows upon his foot. I do not know how I shall negotiate any thing with this people, since there is so little credit to be given to them. When I go to see the King's scribe, I am generally told that he is not at home, though perhaps I saw him go into his house almost the very moment before. Thou wouldst fancy that the whole nation are physicians, for the first question they always ask me, is, *How I do*; I have this question put to me above a hundred times a day.—Nay, they are not only thus inquisitive after my health, but wish it in a more solemn manner, with a full glass in their hands, every time I sit with them at the table, though at the same time they would persuade me

drink their liquors in such quantities as I have found by experience will make me sick.—They often pretend to pray for thy health also in the same manner; but I have more reason to expect it from the goodness of thy constitution, than the sincerity of their wishes. May thy slave escape in safety from this double-tongued race of men, and live to lay himself once more at thy feet in thy royal city of Bantam.” [Spectator.]

LETTER,

FROM SIR HENRY SIDNEY TO HIS SON.

[The following letter from the Sidney papers, evinces that Sir Henry Sidney believed all the lesser morals grew out of the greater ones; and that where the heart is correct, and the principles good, the exterior graces would be the sure result. It is written to his son, afterwards Sir Philip Sidney, who combined the qualities of soldier, scholar, poet, and courtier, with those of the man of humanity, and the real fine gentleman.] Char. Spect.

I have received two letters, from you, one written in Latin, the other in French, which I take in good part; and wish you to exercise that practice of learning often, for that will stand you in most stead in that profession of life that you were born to live in. And since this is my first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not that it be all empty of some advices which my natural care of you provoketh me to wish you to follow, or documents to you in this your tender age. Let your first action be the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God by hearty prayer, and feelingly digest the words you speak by continual meditation, and thinking of him to whom you pray; and use this as an ordinary, and at an ordinary hour, whereby the time itself will put you in remembrance to do that which you are accustomed to do. In that time apply your study to such hours as your discreet master doth assign you, earnestly; and the time I know he will so limit as shall be sufficient for your learning, and safe for your health. And mark the sense and the matter of what you read, as well as the words: so shall you both enrich your tongue with words, and your wit with matter; and judgment will grow as years grow in you. Be humble and obedient to your master; for unless you frame yourself to obey others, yea, and feel in yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you. Be courteous of gesture, and affable to all men; there is nothing that winneth so much, with so little cost. Use moderate diet; so as after your meal you may feel your wit fresher, and not duller; and your body more lively, and not more heavy. Seldom drink wine, yet sometimes do; lest, being enforced to drink upon the sudden, you should find yourself enflamed. Use exercise of body, but such as is without peril to your joints or bones. It will increase your force, and enlarge your breath. Delight to be cleanly, as well in all parts of your person, as in your garments. It shall make you grateful in each company, but otherwise, loathsome.

Give yourself to be merry. For you degenerate from your father, if you find not yourself most able in wit and body, to do any

thing when you be most merry. But let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility, and biting words to any man. For a wound, given by a word, is oftentimes harder to be cured than that which is given with a sword. Be you rather a hearer and bearer away of other men's talk, than a beginner or procurer of speech, otherwise you shall be counted to delight to hear yourself speak. If you hear a wise sentence, or an apt phrase, commit it to your memory, with respect of the circumstances when you shall speak it. Let never oath be heard to come out of your mouth, nor word of ribaldry. Detest it in others, so shall custom make to yourself a law against it in yourself. Be modest in each assembly; and rather be rebuked of light fellows for maidenlike shamedness, than of your sad friends for bold pertness. Think upon every word that you speak before you utter it; and remember how nature hath ramified up, as it were, the tongue with the teeth; yea, and hair without the lips; all betokening reins or bridles, against the loose use of the tongue. Above all things tell no untruth. No, not in trifles. The custom of it is naught; and let it not satisfy you that for a time the hearers take it for a truth; for after, it will be known as it is, to your shame. For there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman, than to be accounted a liar. Study and endeavour yourself to be virtuously occupied; so shall you make such a habit of well doing in you, that you shall not know how to do evil, even though you would. Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of through your mother; and think that only by virtuous life, and good action, you may be an ornament to that illustrious family; and otherwise, through vice and sloth, you shall be counted tabes generis, one of the greatest curses that can happen to man. Well, my little Philip, this is enough for me, and I fear too much for you. But if I shall find that this light meal of digestion nourish any thing the weak stomach of your young capacity, I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feed it with tougher food.

Your loving father, so long as you live in the fear of God, H. SIDNEY.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

GOVERNMENT.

THE history of man presents a field for sublime speculation and useful inquiry. It is a source, from which flow the purest streams of knowledge, and from which the mind derives its most refined enjoyment. Checkered with all the vicissitudes incident to human life, it contains whatever can please the fancy or instruct the heart, whatever can exalt the affections or thrill the soul.

The Poet here finds some favorite theme on which he may dwell with enthusiastic rapture and let loose all the powers of his imagination; while Philosopher views with a steady eye the progress of science, and beholds, with wonder, the extreme ignorance in the operations of nature, record-

ed of his ancestors. Here the Statesman, seeking a conspicuous place in the temple of Fame, looks at once into the experience of ages; while the Moralist is furnished with a store of instructive precepts for his reflection. All are struck with the dissimilarity exhibited in the human character. All behold with a glow of sympathy the various scenes of prosperity and wretchedness, in which man is represented. At one time he is seen, by the improvement of his mental powers, performing wonders seemingly impossible to his being, and with elevated conceptions aspiring to the dignity of a superior race; at another neglecting the cultivation of his reason, and groveling but little above the instinctive tribes. Here he is clothed in the dazzling splendour of worldly greatness, there sunk under the weight of tyranny and oppression—Here the ornament of his species, there the forlorn child of degeneracy.

When such scenes are disclosed to view, we are led, by a natural impulse to search their cause. In this the genius of fancy may return from its eccentric flights, filled with wild conjectures and speculative delusions, but the language of the intelligent, the enlightened mind will be explicit, in pronouncing government the principal cause of diversity in the condition of man. Various circumstances may conspire to form the individual mind, but it is that system of legislation, that spirit of civil power, supported by a people, which forms their national character.

Would any one entertain the belief that mankind, by reason of descent or local situation, are brought into the world with different mental faculties, different geniuses for improvement? Would he suppose, that the God of Nature hath said to any son of Adam, because thou wilt be ranked among the hardy freemen of New-England, thy mind shall be formed for the most noble sentiments of liberty; or because an Asiatic province is thy country thou shalt be capacitated only for quietly acquiescing under the sway of monarchical power? Such an idea is unworthy the character of a rational being. Nature is equally lavish of her favours on the European, who boasts his rank in the civilized world, and the tawny Ethiopian, who wanders the African desert—on the happy son of American freedom, and the slave of Turkish despotism. But the influence of moral causes, the institution of government and the education, which it cherishes, have produced as great a difference in the human faculties, between the faculties of Newton and those of Hottentot, as between the latter and the most perfect of the brute creation.

The sun, that once beheld old Rome in the acme of her glory, the mistress of the world, the ‘lux orbis terrarum’ still measures his wonted rounds, still sheds his irradiating beams, with equal benignity as in ancient days, the Italian fields. The Tiber has not changed its course—The earth has not ceased to yield its fruits—nor the zephyrs to breathe their former salubrity. But the splendor of that famed city is now seen only on the page of history. The country of Attica, the soil, which supported the Aca-

demian groves, and the plot of the Lyceum yet remain. But where are those nurseries of orators and poets, philosophers and statesmen? Nature is the same. The physical course of things is unchanged. But the arm of unlimited power, more terrible than the flaming mortars of Heaven, and more destructive than the levelling tornado, hath changed the moral man. The chill blast of oppression wilts every germ of human genius, and cramps all the energies of the soul. When a people have long been accustomed to a particular form of government, a sudden change must be dangerous, must be fatal to the lives of thousands. Their habits and prejudices being established, a transition from monarchy to a republic would be unsuited to their dispositions.

Place over the Americans, who now glory in an exalted freedom, the power of a European monarch—The flame of patriotism, like the electric spark, would animate every breast, and not cease its operations, until the last vestige of monarchical sway should be immolated on the altar of liberty. Give the Turk the civil privileges of an American—His infatuated brain would plunge him into all the excesses of human depravity, and his barbarity exceed that of the savage. Let the degraded vassals of Napoleon be reinstated in their boasted freedom of '93—and again we have all the horrors of the French revolution presented to view. Again we see the demon of Illuminism stalking triumphant over the sufferings of bleeding Christianity—Anarchy spreading terror, misery and death throughout the departments of France. Again we see the streets of Paris flowing with rivers of human blood; while a new set of Robespierres, of Marats, of Brissots, with their infernal hosts, wade the purple current, unmoved by the shocking spectacle of their butcheries, and untterrified by the future vengeance of a God.

JASON.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.
HISTORY.

Its influence on the Imagination and Understanding.

THE utility and importance of history can never be known but to those, who have experienced its salutary influences. Should an attempt be made to display all the advantages, all the excellencies of this branch of literature, difficult indeed would be the undertaking. But on a theme so pleasing and copious, even the Tyro in science may venture to engage.

The surprising effects of history, on the powers and the passions of the mind, cannot have escaped the attention of the most idle observer. An attention to those events, which the historian beholds as in a mirror, inflames his passions, and makes him an imaginary actor in those splendid scenes, which are continually passing in review. At one time, with Xerxes he marches his millions to the conquest of Greece, at another, he bleeds with Leonidas, at the straits of Thermopylae. At one time he accompanies the valiant Hannibal to avenge the wrongs of

his injured countrymen,—at another, he follows the ambitious Alexander, while pursuing 'through seas of blood, o'er hills of slain,' his favorite object, the empire of the world. With the good old Fabricius, he in imagination stands him against the violent shocks of a cunning adversary, and with Regulus patiently endures the most excruciating tortures of an unrelenting enemy. With Cæsar he sways the sceptre of nations, and with Brutus he raises the dagger of assassination to free his country from the hands of slavery.

Such is the powerful influence of history on the imagination. The attentive reader is carried back to the most remote periods, becomes intimate with the venerable sages of antiquity, and successively personates all the remarkable characters, who have ever appeared on the grand theatre of human action.

But if history be productive of innumerable pleasures to the imagination, it is likewise an inexhaustible source of improvement to the understanding.

A knowledge of mankind, which is more important than all other sciences, could never have been acquired but from the pages of history. On perusing these we view the human race in miniature—we find the various and contending passions of man painted in the most glowing colours, we trace the origin of those feuds and contentions, which have so long deluged the world in blood, and view with exquisite pleasure, the progress of those arts and sciences, which have tended to refine and humanize mankind.

To history are we indebted for those extensive improvements, which the moderns have made in the science of Legislation. The politicians of modern times would never have effected these, had not the faithful annals of history taught them to avoid those shallows and quicksands, on which the ancients had ever been driven. In fine, the most important knowledge, of which mankind are possessed, has been drawn from this great source.

These are a few of the least important advantages, derived from the study of history, which, combining the most exquisite pleasures of the imagination with the most extensive improvement of the understanding, can by no means be deemed inconsiderable.

[To be continued.] EUPHEMIUS.

TO THE PUBLIC.

IN a government like ours, a general diffusion of knowledge is, without doubt, the firmest basis both of public and private happiness. Every attempt, therefore, which tends, in the smallest degree, to the attainment of this desirable object, will receive the encouragement of all, whose hearts glow with solicitude for the welfare of their country, with which that of every individual is intimately blended.

The soil of Columbia is happily adapted to the growth of literature. Here the human mind is free, and the efforts of genius are crowned with the deserved laurels of public notice and esteem. The mandates of

tyranny check not the powers of the soul, nor does the breath of superstition taint the air we breathe.

Here, as in a fertile garden, our venerable ancestors have planted the seeds of science and virtue, which have sprung up, and now extend their branches in various directions.—Could they look from their hallowed tombs, upon us their children, the first accents from their parental lips would be, "water and manure with anxious solicitude the garden, which we have left to your care—Cherish the plants of virtue,—cherish the flowers of science—Afford your assistance and patronage to every exertion for the dissemination of virtuous principles and of useful knowledge—for on these depend your honor, your prosperity, and your happiness."

Inspired with these feelings, and an ardent desire to diffuse the means of useful knowledge and improvement, the Proprietor of the *Literary Tablet* has commenced the publication of an additional volume.—Those gentlemen who have promoted the circulation of the preceding volumes deserve his most grateful acknowledgments. He warmly solicits a continuance of their support. He relies on the patronage of all the friends of literature and the friends of virtue, and will endeavor by increased assiduity to merit their attention.

Nothing obscene, vicious, or vulgar, shall disgrace the columns of this publication—but the original effusions of genius in sentimental prose, or genuine poetry, shall find a cordial admission. It shall be a repository of pleasing literature and useful information.

The following gentlemen are respectfully requested, by procuring subscriptions, to aid the efforts of the proprietor to promote the interests of literature and morality.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JASON's production is correct and elegant; it will be read with pleasure. We hope he will continue his labors.

We shall be happy to hear often from EUGENIO.

EUPHEMIUS discovers a share of genius. A little more care, however, in the composition of his pieces, would save the Editor some trouble.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Literary Tablet.

THE LONELY COTTAGE.

Sequestered far from envy's dread,
On yonder rising plat of ground,
A lonely cottage rears its head,
Encircled by the forest, round.

No friendly footstep wanders there,
No cheering voice, nor human form,
Save the bewildered traveller
To screen him from the howling storm.

The adder crawls along the floor ;
The tree-toad broods the turtle's nest ;
The hedge-briar twines around the door ;
And thistles rear their prickly crest.

The bleak-winds whistle through the thatch ;
The cricket chirps its mournful lay ;
The glow-worm lights the midnight watch,
And dismal screech-owls prowl for prey.

I knew it when in better plight,
While yet its tenants, happy pair,
Enjoyed the sweets of pure delight
In love, and peace, and plenty there.

No tears of sorrow dew'd the eye ;
Their flocks were grazing on the plain,
Those fields which now neglected lie
Were teeming with the yellow grain.

Four smiling infants then their share,
Two lovely girls, two blooming boys,
A father's hope, a mother's care,
The tie, the zest of all their joys.

I oft would steal at close of day,
And spend a winter's evening long
To see these little cotter's play,
And cheer them with a sprightly song.

But death will never miss his aim,
And all to him must fall a prey,
One fatal season sickness came
And swept them one by one away.

The curfew toll'd the doleful knell—
Fair reader, pause a moment here ;
Does pity in thy bosom dwell ?
Then grant the tribute of a tear.

EUGENIO.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE EXILE.

Peace betide thee, gentle stranger,
Thou hast drain'd the cup of woe ;
Pain and exile, toil and danger,
Bid thy heart with grief o'erflow.

All the joys of wealth attending,
Nurs'd, in smiling Pleasure's arms,
Genial climes thy youth befriending,
Saw thee rise to manly charms.

East, where'er the rays of morning
Tipp'd the circling hills with gold,
Nature's lovely face adorning,
Bade her varied sweets unfold ;

Still the fond paternal blessing
On thy festive moments smil'd ;
Each domestic good possessing,
Virtue's heir, and fancy's child.

Fairy visions round thee dancing,
Life, in gay perspective charm'd ;
Joys, in endless train advancing,
Still thy flutt'ring bosom warm'd.

Lo ! the bright illusions vanish'd,
As the angry despot frown'd ;
While, from friends and country banish'd,
Various ills thy steps surround.

See, thy graceful limbs controlling,
How the cramping fetters bind !
Floods of anguish o'er thee rolling,
Quite subdue thy ardent mind.

On thee, no fair sister smiling,
Gilds the dungeon's cheerless gloom :
No kind friend, thy woes beguiling,
Whispering bids thee hope resume.

See the bark, her sails unfurling,
Thy reluctant steps ascend ;
While below, the waters curling,
From the gentle pressure bend.

Lightly blow the wanton breezes,
From the dear, ungrateful coast ;
Fell despair thy bosom seizes,
When her last blue cliffs are lost.

Thus when Scotia's royal beauty,
Call'd to rule her native soil,
Shrinking from the rugged duty,
Pensive sought her sea-girt isle.

Proudly riding o'er the billows,
All her canvass gaily spread,
Stain'd with tears the downy pillow ;
Sleepless, press'd the splendid bed.

While thy bark, at eve reposing,
Gently skims the level deep ;
Gloomy visions round thee closing,
From thy pillow banish sleep.

Or, when morning's gay reflexion,
Sparkles in the wave below ;
Still with tender recollection,
Fancy swells the tide of woe.

Ocean's billows gently heaving,
Waft to shore the precious freight :
Certainty, of hope bereaving,
Shews the horrors of thy fate.

Thee, nor thrones, nor power elating,
Tempt to tread the hostile land ;
Gorgon terrors round him waiting,
Slavery, stalks along the strand.

There with toil and hunger wasted :
Dimm'd the lustre of thine eye ;
On thy cheek the roses, blasted,
Fade beneath a baleful sky.

Yet, tho' forrowing, and forsaken,
To thy woes no respite given ;
Bid thy fainting hopes awaken,
Let the mourner trust in heav'n.

Tho' assail'd by ills unnumber'd,
Torn from freedom, joy and love ;
Still, those eyes which never slumber'd
Note each suff'ring from above.

When, her nobler powers maturing,
And in sorrow's school refin'd,
Deaf to Pleasure's voice alluring,
Soars serene the unconquer'd mind ;

When, no more for aid depending
On inferior human ties,
Piety, thy soul befriending,
Points the Pilgrim to the skies.

Then thy Guardian Angel, smiling,
Shall arrest the oppressor's hand ;
And his barbarous malice foiling,
Guide thee to thy native land.

Ah beware ! when vanquish'd Pleasure
Spreads again her rainbow wings ;
When thy heart, in frolic measure,
Dances while the Syren sings ;

Still, in prosperous scenes retaining
Wealth, by sorrow's hand supplied,
Each low, sensual joy disdaining,
Own a soul, to heav'n allied ;

In whose pure recesses beaming,
Wisdom sheds a sacred ray ;
Own a soul, where radiant virtue,
Pours her own celestial Day.

*To the Dean of L——d, on his observing that the
men of this age are averse to matrimony.*

BY A YOUNG LADY.

YOU tell us, with a serious air,
What we without a sigh can hear ;
You say your sex no longer deign
To pay their vows to Hymen's fane ;
E'en let them take their final leave,
For little cause have we to grieve ;
What does our sex by marriage gain ?
A plenteous share of care and pain.
Soon as we give our hand away,
And utter that dread word *obey*,
Fair Freedom instant takes its flight ;
We bid adieu to each delight :
For, though we chance to wed a fool,
As husband, he'll expect to rule ;
Will think he's sense enough to guide ;
For all men have their share of pride.
Good nature and good sense are seen
But seldom to unite in men :
In some I own, some few they join ;
In thee conspicuously they shine !
But of mankind, how small a part
Possess so good, so great a heart !
The nymph, who in love's lottery tries,
Stands a poor chance—to gain a prize.
The best, when got, alas ! how small !
Though for that prize we hazard all.

A PRODIGY INDEED.

To Cato once a frightened Roman flew ;
The night before a rat had gnaw'd his shoe,
Terrible omen, by the gods decreed !
Cheer up, my friend, said Cato, mind not that,
Though if, instead, your shoe had gnaw'd the
rat,
It would have been a prodigy indeed.

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